masters heere's money for you, and the Generall so likes your musique, that hee desires you of all loues, to make no more noyse with it.

Boy, Well sir, wee will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they saay, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; goe, vanish away.

Cas. Doest thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Cas. Preethee keepe vp thy quillets, there's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little fauour of speech --- wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted: I ha made bold *Iago*, to send in to your wife, - my suite to her, Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*, Procure me some accesse.

Iag. I'le send her to you presently, And I'le deuise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerse and busines, May be more free. *Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thanke you for it: I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde and honest:

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Leiutenant, I am sorry For your displeasure, but all will soone be well, The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cypres*, And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,

He

He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loues you, And needes no other suitor but his likings, To take the safest occasion by the front, To bring you in againe.

Cas. Yet I beseech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me aduantage of some briefe discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in, I will bestow you where you shall haue time, To speake your bosome freely.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and other Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters giue *Iago*, to the Pilate, And by him, doe my duties to the State; That done, I will be walking on the workes, Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, I'le do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio *and* Emillia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam do, I know it grieues my husband, As if the case were his.

Des. O that's an honest fellow: - do not doubt *Cassio*, But I will haue my Lord and you againe, As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Madame, What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*, Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

Des. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord: You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd, He shall in strangest, stand no farther off, Then in a politique distance.

G

Cas.